THE YELLOW MAN.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE BOXERS IN CHINA.

BY CARLTON DAWE.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH CONCERNS SOME STRANGE BEHAVIOR.

I left the school with much regret and a vast amount of uneasiness. My father's manner, nervous, excitable and suspicious, was one well calculated to arouse suspicion and excitability in others. He gave me no reasons for his hurried departure. He did not even condescend to tell me why he was going to Wales. We drove in a fly to the station, and, though the afternoon was beautifully fine, he made the man put the hood up. This naturally produced an atmosphere which was anything but agreeable, and when I hinted at it he replied that he always avoided an unnecessary draft. To me, on the contrary, it seemed that a draft was most necessary, but what I thought mattered nothing. The silent man in the corner had taken the helm.

At the station he discharged the fly and hurried me into the waiting room, in the remotest corner of which we sat with our belongings. He informed me that his heavy stuff had gone on to Denbigh, which "heavy stuff," I discovered later on, consisted of nothing but a Gladstone bag. My father was a man who did not believe in heavy baggage. To move and move quickly was the principle upon which he worked.

He never went out on the platform to see a train dash through or to watch the passengers alight, but sat in his corner of the waiting room reading, reading incessantly. And yet I noticed that whenever any one entered the room he seemed to know it as if by intuition, and the top of the paper would gradually drop to a level with his eyes, and he would subject the newcomer to a careful scrutiny. At first I thought that I must be mistaken, that his glance was such as most people bestow upon the advent of a stranger, for who has not entered such a place and seen every eye immediately turn his way? To me, however, there seemed something more than mere idle curiosity in my father's glance, and after a brief interval I was assured of it.

I happened to be speaking to him at the moment, when, without any apparent cause, I saw his eyes, which were turned toward the door, start nervously, while a sudden spasm seemed to sweep across his face. Hastily he raised his paper and at once seemed to be deeply engrossed in his reading.

The cause of this sudden transition I immediately sought for, but I could see nothing to warrant it. The few people scattered about the room were yawning as usual and lolling about on the hard benches in the most ungraceful attitudes, while in the doorway, the direction in which my father had looked, there stood a little man of a dark, foreign appearance, but whether he was Turk, Malay or Mongol I could not tell. He merely stood there for a few moments while he surveyed the room, but evidently not liking the appearance of it turned away and began slowly to promenade up and down the platform.

As soon as he had gone my father, as though instinctively aware of the man's departure, stole a stealthy glance over the top of his paper, and I saw that his usually pale face was if anything more ghastly than usual.

"You are ill, sir," I said. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered sharply, irritably, "except the cursed cold of this dreary room." And he huddled up closer into the corner as though he gained warmth thereby.

Now, to me the room seemed unpleasantly warm, permeated as it was by an odor which seems inseparable from such places, and I could not help saying something to that effect.

"Aye," he answered, "but if you had the fever in you as I have you'd wish yourself well out of this cursed drafty country."

Well, as far as the country was concerned, he had little to complain of. He had not troubled it much of late years.

Presently a train thundered into the station, and I went to the door to watch the people coming and going. When I returned, my father evinced some curiosity as to the passengers who had departed, and even went so far as going to the door and looking out. The scrutiny evidently satisfied him, for he came back with a smile and told me to bring my things out on the platform.

Punctually to time our train slid into the station, and my father and I entered a first class smoker. During the few minutes that the train stood there he glued his face to the window and watched anxiously the entrance to the platform. But at last the guard's whistle sounded, the engine replied with a short, sharp shriek, and slowly we crept out of the station. Then my father threw himself back with a sigh of content, rested his feet on the seat opposite and quietly began to fill his pipe.

Once the train was fairly under way, the land skimming by us on either side, and no sound came but the roar and the rush of the wheels, my father settled himself down to read, and I scarcely think he moved unless it was to refill his pipe or to cross or uncross his legs. I tried hard to follow his example, tried hard to convince myself that I found my varied store of literature interesting, but I was conscious all the time of the utter failure of my endeavor.

As we began to approach Shrewsbury my father dived once more into his valise and extracted therefrom a Bradshaw, which he began intently to study. And here I may state that this Bradshaw was a companion of his which was in constant requisition. Thumbed and dog eared, pencil marked on the margin, it showed a mutilation or an indignity upon almost every page. To me Bradshaw has always been a weariness to the flesh, a thing devised to drive men mad and hurry their souls to perdition, but to my father it was an endless page of lunatic delight. It didn't matter where the editors hid away a train, he pounced upon it like a hawk. Their ingenuity was wasted on him. He reveled in mountains of bewildering figures; he read the columns of hieroglyphics as easily as I could read the English alphabet. The compilers little knew when they chuckled in secret over their fiendish work that they were creating an infinite source of intricate happiness for at least one son of man.

After studying the mystic pages for some time he, having absorbed his information, carefully deposited the precious tome once more in his bag. Then he began to collect his various papers, which he also placed in the bag. It looked to me as though he was making preparations for leaving the train; but, knowing this to be an impossibility, I merely regarded it as another of his little eccentricities. However, as we began to slacken down he cried out suddenly, "Stand by."

I looked at him. He repeated almost harshly: "Stand by. Get ready. Don't stare at me like a fool."

"But this is Shrewsbury."

"I know that as well as you."

Thinking it just possible that the liquor he had sipped might have made him forget, I said, "But we started for Denbigh?"

"We did nothing of the kind. We started for Shrewsbury, and here we are."

At that moment the train glided into the station and so cut short all further remonstrance. But I think he saw that he had annoyed me, for as we jogged away together in the cab he explained, with some attempt at plausibility, that it had been his original intention to stop the night at Shrewsbury, but that he had forgotten to make me acquainted with such a trifling detail. I assured him that his explanation was quite unnecessary. Indeed, it was a matter of perfect indifference to me where we went, since every place was sure to prove distasteful. My father and I did not yet quite understand each other, and to have as a traveling companion one with whom you are in no sort of sympathy is distinctly distressing.

Arriving at the hotel, his first inquiry was for a room with two beds, and I may here state that during the remainder of our wanderings we always slept in the same room when it was possible, and when not he insisted upon two rooms communicating with each other. In this instance a very excellent room on the second floor was shown us, a glance at which at once convinced me of its suitability, but he was harder to please. He felt the beds, examined the windows, saw that the door had both a bolt and a key and then and not until then declared himself to be fully satisfied.

As it was already late he ordered dinner to be brought to the room, and I thought that he now seemed like a rational man for the first time. His frigid reserve thawed in the most remarkable manner, and he condescended to crack an occasional joke at my expense. What wrought this change in him I could not then imagine, for I did not think it was the good food, and I felt sure that it could not be the quantity of wine. It seemed to me that he cast aside his suspicions as one would a cloak and that for the first time that day he felt the blessing of security.

That evening we retired to rest at a comparatively early hour, but before so doing he once more examined the windows very carefully and saw that the door was locked and bolted. Then he lifted his bag on to the table, opened it and drew forth an extremely handsome six chambered revolver. This he handled very carefully, almost lovingly, I thought, and then, after balancing it and taking sundry imaginary aims, he turned to me.

"I suppose you know what this is?"

Truly he had but an indifferent opinion of me, an opinion bred of ignorance, no doubt, like so many indifferent opinions, yet none the less offensive on that account.

"Yes," I said.

"Have you ever fired one?"

I could not help smiling as I thought of the weeks of daily tuition I had undergone with my uncle.

"Often."

"Come," said he, apparently much relieved, "that's not so bad. Do you think you could hit that window yonder?"

The window in question was an ordinary one, some 10 or 12 feet from my bed. He evidently had not heard of my prowess with the gun.

"I think so," I said. "What is more, I could put a ball between a man's eyes if he stood outside."

"Good," he cried, "if you see him there put a ball between his eyes."

"See him?" I echoed, not a little startled at his sudden vehemence.

He drew forth an extremely handsome six chambered revolver.

"Nor was I once, nor of anything else, but now I haven't got the nerve of a goat left me. I tell you what it is," he continued, "the unexpected is always happening, and I'm afraid of it."

"But a burglar would hardly venture into a place like this," I suggested.

"Who knows? A desperate man will do anything. If this one has a yellow face and strange dark eyes, shoot! Put your bullet fair between those eyes. Give him no time to pray, for as there's a God above he'll send you to join him without a moment's hesitation."

"If he has a yellow face and strange dark eyes," I repeated. "It was such a man who killed my mother. It was for such a man my Uncle Jim and I have searched everywhere. Are you also afraid of him?"

The question startled him a little, but he clinched his teeth, and a furious scowl contracted his brows.

"I am afraid of no man living," he snarled. "The man who says Bob Kingston's afraid of him is a liar."

I had not the least intention of disputing this statement, though his sudden glance round the room might have led one to believe that he expected a challenge. To me this outburst appeared to lack that fine intensity which should accompany such brave words. Indeed, there was a ring of bravado in it which robbed the utterance of some of its terror. The ferocious sentiment did not come well from one who was afraid of his own shadow and who had broken his journey because an inoffensive foreign looking gentleman had stood for a moment at the door of a railway waiting room.

CHAPTER VII

WANDERERS.

Notwithstanding the sensations of the day and the novelty of my surroundings I slept exceedingly well that night, once sleep had seized the brain. The day had been full of wearying, strange surprises, but I possessed in full the superb quality of youth. A thousand trains might have whirled by at express speed without arousing me; the man with the strange eyes might have picked the lock with impunity. But none of these things happened, and when I finally awoke I beheld my father, already dressed, sitting on the edge of his bed watching me.

"You sleep soundly," he said.

I smiled. "Always."

"An easy conscience?"

"I think so."

"Sabbee." He had a way of using odd words, chiefly of the pigeon English variety, which he had picked up in the far east. Other words also, which were pure Chinese, he used in moments of great excitement, but of them I could only guess the meaning. "Do you know," he continued, a troubled, earnest look playing about his eyes, "I have not slept soundly for 20 years."

"That, I suppose, is why you look so pale and ill?"

He shook his head slowly as though balancing some matter in his mind.

"So I look pale and ill, do I? Yes, I suppose I do, but a man is apt to think little of that to which he is accustomed. And I've had some cause," he added as if speaking to himself; "I've had some cause."

I did not doubt him for an instant. His face, his suspicious manner, the sudden starting at a sound, the peering at people from beneath the brows—were these things to be associated with a man of clean reputation? I would not have had my father's conscience for a king's ransom.

I went below to breakfast, leaving him in his room. He was going to have a little of something brought to him, professing a dislike to crowded public places. I thought it rather fastidious of him, but beyond that it troubled me nothing. If a man wishes to eat alone and can pay for the privilege, there is nothing more to be said. I preferred the stir of life and the view of people.

As I lounged about the vestibule smoking an after breakfast cigarette curiosity led me to look at the visitors' book, which lay open on a desk a little to the right of the office. On the page for that day there were already two entries, but on the page of the day before I failed to see my father's name. And yet I had most assuredly seen him advance to the book, take up a pen and write. What he had written I was in total ignorance of, but that he had written something I felt perfectly certain.

There had not been many entries that day, only some nine or ten, but among them there was no name resembling ours. The two last, written in the same hand, were "R. Martin" and "D. Martin," and I knew that these must be the names which my father had inserted. An indefinable shame seized me. I hastily turned the page and quitted the desk, hoping that no one was watching. I slunk away from the lynx eyes of the young man in the office—slunk away in the shadow like one who had been caught doing a discreditable thing.

Mounting to our room, I knocked upon the door and almost at the same moment turned the handle, but to my surprise the door was locked.

"Who's there?" cried my father.

"I."

"Oh!"

I heard him limp across the room; the lock went back with a click. Then the door was but partly opened, and his beetling brows filled up the aperture.

"I was just going to change," he explained in answer to my look of interrogation. Probably, but the room was full of tobacco smoke, and a book was turned face open on the table.

I went to my bed and sat down. He threw himself into an armchair, picked up the book and resumed his pipe. I had no book, no armchair, no pipe, and even if I had had all three I could not have interested myself in one of them. So I sat doggedly still for a quarter of an hour or so, thinking, thinking; but instead of thought easing my mind or blood it but irritated the one and rendered the other more tempestuous. This secret, horrid life might suit one who feared the light of day, but I had been accustomed to fresh air and the open fields, and I could not tolerate this sitting in prison, as it were, this moral and physical confinement. So, after much hesitancy, after numerous fatal starts, I ventured to inquire what we were going to do with ourselves.

"Do with ourselves?" he repeated, dropping his book on his knees and favoring me with a puzzled look. "What do you suppose we are going to do with ourselves?"

I said and rather confusedly that I hadn't the least idea.

"Of course not," he replied. "It seems to me that they have not taught you how to employ your time to advantage. Get a book and improve your mind."

But I never felt so little like reading in my life. The "bluddiest" of "bluddy" books would not have held me then.

"I cannot read," I said. "I think I shall go out for a stroll."

He looked up sharply. "What do you want to go out for?"

"Because I shall go mad if I stay in."

"Nonsense. Look at me. I stay in enough, but I don't go mad."

Forgetting myself for the moment, I replied a trifle too pointedly perhaps: "It may suit you. It doesn't me."

He turned more in his chair and peered up at me through his thick brows.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked coldly.

Seeing that I had advanced too far for retreat, I answered with more boldness than discretion: "Simply this, sir. I do not understand this hole and corner business, this game of hide and seek."

He looked at me without replying, but I saw his little eyes burn through the shaggy forest of eyebrow. Then he rose and limped toward me, and by

He took up a position where he could see their faces.

the way his underlip writhed I knew that he was in a great rage. Indeed I fully expected that he would strike me, and somehow I didn't care much. So that we understood each other nothing else mattered. But if that had been his intention, he very considerately altered his mind. Indeed he came close up to me, and his look bore a decided wish for an understanding.

"Look here," he said harshly, "you seem to be an obstinate mixture of your mother and me. What do you want?"

"Simply to know, sir, why we seem to be hiding."

He laughed. "And if we are not hiding at all?"

"Why, then, do we take such precautions to conceal our identity? Why do we travel under the name of Martin?"

A curious smile flitted over his sallow face.

"And why not that as well as any other name?"

"People do not change their names without a reason."

"Why should they?" He smiled, but only with his pale lips, showing his teeth in a decidedly unpleasant manner. I might have said more had it not been for the sight of that pallid, writhing mouth. After a pause he continued: "I will admit to you that there is a reason, but what it is I may not say. Perhaps one day, but not now. It is a long story and one which, if known to you, would contain but little consolation. And so I repeat—there is a reason. As you see, I am getting old; I shall soon set sail for foreign parts," his reference to death. "My nerves are not what they were. I need companionship; maybe I shall require help, and I look for it to my son. We shall go to many strange places and do many strange things, and I cannot say when our wanderings will cease. Perhaps soon, perhaps late; but soon or late I want obedience and an end to this questioning. If I do an odd thing, you are to believe that I have a good reason for it, and leave me alone when you see me struggling with the devil of fear or melancholy."

Though this confession left me no wiser than I was before, it to a certain extent cleared the air. In his own way he had spoken civilly, had treated me for the first time as a rational being, and as a result I felt considerably mollified. That some potent reason forced him to this contemptible subterfuge I had no doubt whatever; that it did not encroach upon the domain of Scotland Yard I also firmly believed. Whatever my father was, or whatever he may have been, it was not to escape the police that he behaved in this extraordinary manner.

We left Shrewsbury that night by a late train. I spent that day wandering about the town, but I do not believe my father left his room during the whole of our stay. When the time came for our departure, he went through the same mysterious performance, muffling up to the ears, ordering a closed cab and sitting huddled up in the corner. He was not on the platform when the train arrived, but as soon as it came to a standstill and the passengers began to make toward the exit he took up a position where he could see their faces as the lamplight streamed upon them. Evidently satisfied with his scrutiny, he chose his carriage and entered it. A minute or so later and we were pounding along through the night.

We arrived at Denbigh without mishap and there acquired rooms on the outskirts of the town. For some six or eight weeks we pursued a quiet, uneventful life, and my father, who scarcely ventured out of the house for the first eight or ten days, gradually began to throw off the fear which seemed to clothe him as a cloak. But though he went abroad he seemed unable to forget. He never left his room without first going to the window to see who was in the street; he never stepped out from the door without first taking a hasty glance up and down the roadway, and when in the street itself his eyes were forever darting keen glances in every direction. Even upon the highroad, seeing a solitary figure advance toward him, he showed unmistakable signs of apprehension until the person was well in view. He was looking for somebody; he expected some one. He seemed assured of the meeting and yet fearful of it. What would happen then? His evident fear tended toward catastrophe. Being a fatalist, I think he had no doubt what would be the result of the encounter.

During this period my own soreness wore off, and as I knew him better I discovered the suggestion of many good points in him and when the terror was not on him jovial to a degree. Or rather I should say he showed the wreck of a stanch heartiness from which one might guess what the ship had been. And so I began to take an interest in him and his affairs and thought less of myself and my Uncle Jim. I will not pretend that I felt for him anything like the affection which I had bestowed upon my mother, but he was my father, and, account for it as you may, one must take a certain amount of interest in one's parents. Thus his fears became my fears, and I used to long for him to take me into his confidence, but that, despite numerous broad hints, he would never do, regarding me as nothing more than a boy. Yet boy as I was misfortune had sharpened my wits, and, piecing his words together, I knew that he feared the yellow, slit eyed men of the east. I had not forgotten the man with the strange eyes nor the little brown faced gentleman who had stood in the door of the waiting room.

I remember once reading out to him the account of an attack by a Chinese mob on an English mission during which the rioters had set the place on fire and deliberately burned several of the inmates.

"So like them!" he said. "I loathe the yellow, slimy swine. Cruel, treacherous, they know neither pity nor mercy. Of course it's only English life and English property. It doesn't in the least matter to the bloated fools who sit at home and fancy they know how to govern outside of England. It's not their property. It's not their life. Ignorant, pigheaded fellows, they want whipping, every one of them. They are responsible for these outrages on Englishmen because they do not make the name of England feared. Heavens, if they'd only give me command of the squadron and a free hand I'd teach those yellow devils and all the world besides what the power of England is. It makes me mad," he continued, "to think that our ministers insist upon treating these Asiatics as civilized beings. Any sign of courtesy or of conciliation has but one meaning for them—fear. They have never been treated as intelligent human beings, and they do not expect such treatment. Give them orders; don't ask favors."

I am afraid my father got very excited as he dilated on the delinquencies of the Asiatics and that he used some language which might sound stirring when delivered from the bridge of a ship, but which would be singularly out of place in a decent narrative. He also spoke with contempt of her majesty's government and gave it some sound advice, which I would reproduce if I thought ministers would profit by it. But as advice of any kind, and, above all, sound advice, is the thing most detested by the Jack in office I refrain. After all we have our own village pumps and our own parish councils, and the present holder of a great office is necessarily a great man, and the government knows everything about everything.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

There Are Some.

Since poets are born and not made,
The world might be far less forlorn
If some of them only had staid
Not only unmade, but unborn.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

HARD ON THE POOR BOY.

Cholly—In what profession would you like me to distinguish myself?

Miss Kiddem—Oh! any at all—a life long explorer in Africa, for instance—Chicago Chronicle.

Advice.

The best advice that one may give
In this brave world of toil and tussle
Is this: If you would really live,
Then hustle, hustle, hustle.
—Detroit Free Press.

At Newport.

She—There goes my mother.

He—Who is the gentleman she is with?

She—I have forgotten his name. He is my latest stepfather.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WOODS AND STREAM.

Odd Happenings Observed by Hunters and Fishermen.

Unconventional Foxes, Muskrats, Fish and Other Creatures Lend Variety to Outdoor Life in Pennsylvania.

Jesse Travis, of Starrucca, Wayne county, Pa., was chopping in the woods on his farm a few days ago. The barking of a little dog that accompanied him by and by attracted his attention.

He went to the spot where the dog was, writes a New York Sun correspondent, and discovered a silver gray fox, which, in running past a shagbark hickory tree had been caught by its bushy tail in the rough, strong, bristling bark of the tree. Effort to extricate itself had only drawn the tail tighter in the hold of the bark.

The dog had been afraid to tackle the fox, and stood at a safe distance, barking. Travis knocked the fox on the head with his ax and had a pelt the like of which has not been seen in the Pennsylvania woods for many years. It is worth more than a month's chopping of cordwood.

Virgil McCarty was scouting about the marshes at the headwaters of the Lackawanna the other day on the lookout for a possible shot at a jacksnipe, when a muskrat slipped into the water just ahead of him. A second later a large trout leaped a foot or more above the surface of the water and the back of the muskrat came in sight. The trail fell back into the stream. Instantly there were signs of a struggle in the water. The back of the muskrat came in sight again and McCarty fired at it. The muskrat turned over, dead.

McCarty pulled it ashore. The trout was in its mouth. It was still alive. McCarty removed it carefully from the muskrat's mouth and placed it in the water. While he was watching it feebly swimming about on the surface it suddenly went down with a sharp jerk. A watersnake had stolen from the crippled fish from

KNOCKED IT IN THE HEAD.

below and seized it. The snake came up with the trout in its mouth on the opposite side of the creek. McCarty shot it as it was crawling out on the bank. The trout dropped back into the water still alive. It wiggled about on the surface again, gradually gaining strength, although the muskrat's teeth had made a deep wound in its belly, and at last swam away up the creek and disappeared.

A fisherman on Lake Ariel, near Scranton, one day last week, saw a big fish floundering around on the surface of the water near the shore. He rowed over to the spot.

The floundering fish was a pickerel. The fisherman knocked it in the head with an oar. Then he found that the pickerel had tried to swallow a good sized catfish, which had set its spines to prevent its swallowing. The result was that the pickerel could neither get the catfish up nor down, and fell victim to its greed.

Will Jennings was driving along the road by Lawrence's academy, near Chester, the other day, when he heard a rattling in the bushes. He investigated and found a woodchuck with its head buried in a big tomato can, and unable to get it out.

Jennings killed the woodchuck. It was much emaciated, showing that it had been fast in the tin can a long time, and was being slowly starved to death. How it got its head in the can no one knows.

Ames Young, of Sterling, Wayne county, took a load of hay to Scranton the other day and sold it. When he went to unload it at the barn of the man who bought it he found a big hornet's nest hanging to a beam in the mow.

To render the occupants of the nest harmless some sulphur was placed in a pail, set on fire, and held under the nest so the fumes would suffocate the hornets. The pail was held too close, the nest caught fire and dropped into the pail.

The hornets began to swarm out and the hired man who held the pail chucked it, nest, fire and all, out of the mow window. It fell on the load of hay, which caught fire. Young had time to get his horses unhooked and out of the way, but the hay and hay wagon and part of the barn were consumed. The hornets escaped.

Stone Cures Hydrophobia.

A wonderful madstone is possessed by Harry Bundy, of New Castle, Ind. It was originally found in the stomach of a deer, 77 years ago, and has been in the family ever since. In over 100 cases of dog-bite it has been applied, and has never failed but once to prevent hydrophobia.

ROBIN TACKLES HAWK.

Little Redbreast Makes a Brave and Successful Fight to Liberate a Chicken.

It is well known that the hawk no matter how fierce and big he may be, has no terror for the kingbird. It is a common sight in the springtime, when they are breeding, to see one of these plucky little chaps mercilessly following, pecking and driving away a great bird of prey a dozen times its size, reports the New York Sun. A merchant who was camping out on the Chelsea Hills learned that the kingbird is not the only small bird bold enough to attack and drive away the robbers of the air.

ROBIN COMES TO RESCUE.

The man was approaching a farmyard one morning for his supply of milk, when a commotion among the poultry drew his attention to a large hen hawk which was sailing away with a good-sized chicken in its talons. The poor old hen was doing its best to prevent the raid. With much squalling she ran along, and tried to use her clumsy wings in flight after the thief.

Just as the hawk rose to the level of the treetops a robin, which had evidently been taking measures to assist the hen mother, sprang from a limb right atop of the hawk, with a shrill cry of rage. So fiercely did the game redbreast use its sturdy bill upon the hawk's back, at times even alighting upon it to peck it to better advantage, that after a good deal of maneuvering, finding it impossible to escape this persistent foe, it dropped its prey and turned upon the robin. But the brave little bird was by no means fighting for fighting's sake, and as soon as the chicken had been restored to its mother darted back to its tree and began a song of rejoicing.

Disconnected.

He ran a street car for awhile
And took the fares up merrily,
Until they found he kept a few—
A non-conductor now is he.
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Outlook.

Her Papa—Yo' aspiah ter marry mah daughtah, sah? H'm! Whad am yo'r prospec's?

The Suitor (a widower)—Ebery single one ob de pussons fo' whom mah late lamented wife done washin' fo' hab promised ter liber'ly paternize her successah.—Judge.

Probably Did.

"You told me the other day you were going to put creosote on a corn you had. Did you do it?"

"Yes."

"Did it cure the corn?"

"I don't know. The surgeon that removed the toe took it away with him."—Chicago Tribune.

RETURNED THE BAG.

An Incident Which Destroyed a Chicago Lawyer's Faith in Human Truthfulness.

"The 'glorious uncertainty' or inglorious miscarriage of the law," said Attorney Joseph David to a Chicago Daily News reporter, "often results from a bogus alibi or a wrong identification. I was interested in a case where three young fellows were charged with robbing a saloon in Archer avenue. The saloon keeper said that one night when he was placing the receipts of the day in a small bag the trio came in and with revolvers in their hands deprived him of the bag and its contents. They declared that it was a case of mistaken

HANDED OVER THE EMPTY BAG.

identity. Oh, no, they were not the robbers—they were virtuous young men and would not dream of committing such an atrocity. They were elsewhere, all of them, on that night—and they brought witnesses who swore for them a cast-iron alibi. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. When the defendants were brought back to the jail for the usual formula before release Charlie Smith, one of the bailiffs, who had his own ideas as to the justice of the verdict, remarked:

"'Well, you fellows are pretty lucky.'

"'You bet!' coolly retorted one of them. 'I thought we'd get ten years, anyhow. As it is—well, here, you may give that guy of a saloon keeper his little old bag.'

"And he handed over the bag that had contained the stolen money."

The Czar's Corn Doctors.

Twenty-four physicians guard the health of the czar, and among them are two chiropodists. When the royal corns persist in aching, the czar leads the corn-doctors a lively dance, and jaws them until he is red in the face, and they are as pale as ashes.